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Judge

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ONLY CHALK.

CZAR *(of all the Russias, Manchuria, and possibly Asia)*—" Beautiful! How beautiful she looks!"

Judge

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ROUND the rose of fancy
Of the candidate,
While he's fondly dreaming,
Happy and elate,

Dainty music trembles,
Waking all his glee,
For he hears the bonnet
Presidential bee.

* * *

THE WALL STREET stock tout, or operator, as he prefers to call himself, folds his hands in righteous indignation and, with the unique impudence which is his, declares that President Roosevelt's administration is responsible for the general business depression that at present overhangs the country. Wall street cannot stagger under the load of securities, so called, which it has taken upon its shoulders. It is an Atlas only in its mind, and at present it is doing a floundering act that is one of the finest ever seen in that slippery circle, the circus-ring of finance. It has handled many securities—digested, undigested, predigested and cooked. It is a preferred fakir, and one of the first water. What it does not know anent the sleight-of-hand and the fire-eating and the sword-swallowing of stock magic and manipulation is not worth knowing. But at last it knows with whom it has to reckon; and it is also aware of the melancholy fact that its nasal appendage is completely out of joint. It would be better, therefore, for it to keep quiet on the subject of President Roosevelt and his administration. President Roosevelt and his administration constitute a combination with which the country is very well satisfied. And furthermore, it can smile at all the vitriolic utterances and attacks of Wall street, which, in point of principle, is, so to speak, a horseless race-track. It would better close down its foul mouth, wrap the drapery of its methods about it, and lie down to pleasant dreams of schemes to do the ever gullible public.

* * *

IF THE JUNGLES of the wildest countries were searched and scoured for the purpose of lassoing a prize barbarian, beside whom all other barbarians would be mere supercilious pink-tea tanks, it is not likely that the catch would equal the czar of all the Russias in point of despotism and general all-round barbarity. This self-sufficient candle-eater, from a moral point of view, is a monstrosity pure and simple, and it looks as if he is ripe for a long-overdue thrashing which he may yet receive at the hands of the mikado. The jingle of his accoutrements, which would have made a fine sensation in mediæval times, does not impress the powers of to-day as being anything more serious than the staccato of the trolley as it goes banging merrily along. In fact, all his bluster and noise, whether made by his mouth or by the jingling of the steel armor of which his civilian and golf clothing is composed, are not calculated to cause any one much uneasiness or loss of sleep, even when his fierce gesticulations cause his sartorial nuts and rivets to creak for vaseline or to snap and fly asunder, and in so doing give a sort of feeble imitation of the manner in which the present autocrat's relative scattered at the moment that he entered into business relations with a dynamite projectile a little more than a score of years ago. The czar's angel of peace is about as substantial as the siren forged of meringue, whose evanescent witcheries exert so subtle an influence on the poetic soul that sees her reclining on the bosom of a cart-wheel cake. He cannot deceive any thinking or reasoning head, crowned or uncrowned, with this specimen of his artistic skill. While he talks peace, he continues to grind his sword. He is a two-faced jumping-jack at best, and it is to be trusted that the mikado will light on him like a cyclone and give him the drubbing of his life in the name of everything that is good and decent.

BLIND HOPE.

MR. HAWBACK—"Our son at town sez in his letter fer me ter send five dollars ter him fer a manicure set. Sez he must look after his nails."
MRS. HAWBACK—"Better send it to him, pa. Perhaps he's l'arnin' the carpenter trade."

TOO ENTHUSIASTIC.

"MARRY me!" pleads the enamored youth. "I will make your life one long day of sunshine and song. Roses shall reach their ruby hands across your path and bend to kiss you with their trembling lips. The radiance of rare jewels shall gladden your eyes, and the wondrous lustre of rare fabrics shall ever lend their charm to you. We shall feed upon the honey of Hymettus and quaff the nectar of the gods from a chalice of gold. You shall"——

"Harold," she interrupted, "have you contracted the Nikola Tesla germ?"

THE SIZE OF IT.

Her husband—"So you've joined one of those French conversation classes, eh? What do you talk about, anyway?"

She (absent-mindedly)—"Oh, about every one who happens to be absent."

JUST SO.

"PA!"

"Uh?"

"Pa, what is mince-meat?"

"A sort of gastronomical merger, my son."

THE IDEA!

Bachelor (crustily)—"The worst about marriage is that when a fellow proposes it is generally a plunge in the dark."

Justwed—"Great heavens! you wouldn't have a fellow propose when the gas is going full tilt, would you?"

AN ELUSIVE TOWN.

Pedestrian (just landed from a train at an Irish station)—"Pat, is it far to Ballyhooligan?"

Porter (confidentially)—"'Tis not far it is if ye roide in a cyar; but if ye walk, shure, th' nearer ye get to it th' furder away ye'll foind it, sor."

NOT TO BLAME.

"Huh! I just gave you fifty dollars for a hat."
"Well, am I to blame for my old cloak and gown looking ridiculous with a fifty-dollar hat?"

MUSICAL.

"I AM the janitor of five flats," stated the sad-faced man, removing his countenance from the mug of beer.

The others waited for him to continue.

"Of course," he resumes, "with five flats to watch, I have to be careful about my staff; but even then I have my troubles."

Here we ask the inevitable question.

"The chief trouble," he said, "is that a conductor who lives in the place never can find the key."

Bass, bass! Who would have thought it of a sad-faced man?

SPOTTED.

Lenox—"Since Tucker moved to Jersey he has become a confirmed suburbanite."

Madison—"Yes; he has all the earmuffs of one."

OF COURSE.

"YES," said the starfish, "I am going on the road again this winter with my tank drama."

"That's good," replied the bass, who was booked for forty weeks in grand opera. "Who's the angel for the show?"

"Oh, the manager found an old lobster to stand for the bills."

AN OLD STORY.

The clergyman—"Yo' mus' be nigh ninety-six, auntie, an' yo' prob'ly ain't got long ter lib"——

Auntie Black—"Good Lawd! Yo' done tol' me dat when I was only eighty."

MUTUALLY STRUCK.

Sinker—"Did you make a hit with the girl's father?"

Drawun—"Did I? Well, I should say I did! He struck me for a loan the first thing."

THE only office that seeks the man is that of the tax-collector.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

JULIA ANDERSON IN "WINSOME WINNIE."

The roses in her jaunty hat are samples of the kind that she,
In bulging basketfuls, receives in token of the witch-e-ree
She puts into her airy art that captures while it captivates,
From pit to gallery, the house, and incidentally the fates.
Her hat of roses simply is her crown of glory, like her hair—
She keeps our fancies on the fizz and puts a damper on dull care.

RICHES have wings, and in time they will have flying-machines.

QUALIFIED.

"SHE sings like a bird," we whisper to our companion, a fair young thing who has accompanied us to the recital given by a rival belle.

"She ought to," replies the gentle damsel. "She talks like a parrot, everybody says she is a goose, and she is pigeon-toed."

IN STRIKING TIMES.

"HELLO, Snaggs! Working?"

"Naw!"

"How long have you been idle?"

"Ever since I joined the union."

PROFESSIONAL INTEREST.

THE lady with the girly ways and the matronly waist is overjoyed because the social lion has paid her marked attention.

"He seems to take such an interest in me," she confides to her bosom-friend, who is some years younger, and who also had made a few eyes at the social lion.

"Why shouldn't he?" asks the friend in that molassesy tone of voice which women adopt to conceal a quininey thought; "why shouldn't he? He is the greatest archæologist in the country."

NOT ON THE JAW.

MRS. KELLY—"It sez here thot if wimmen wor prize-foighters ye wouldn't be able to knock thim out."

KELLY—"No; there's no use thryin' to put a woman to shlape be hittin' her on the jaw."

HE HAD MET HIM.

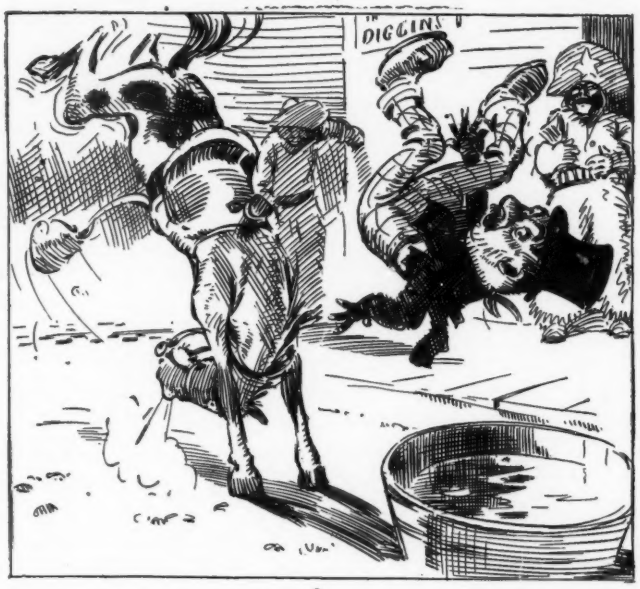
TOM—"Come over and let me introduce you to Bobby von Lendltt."
JACK (*severely*)—"I don't care to meet him."
TOM—"Why not?"
JACK—"I owe him ten dollars."

1.

NERVY NAT—"That hospitable notice warms the cockles of my heart—not! After that long and far from luxurious ride on the trucks in this God-forsaken country, to see a personal affront like that sign—well, that gentle beast over there will just about suit me for getting away from here on."

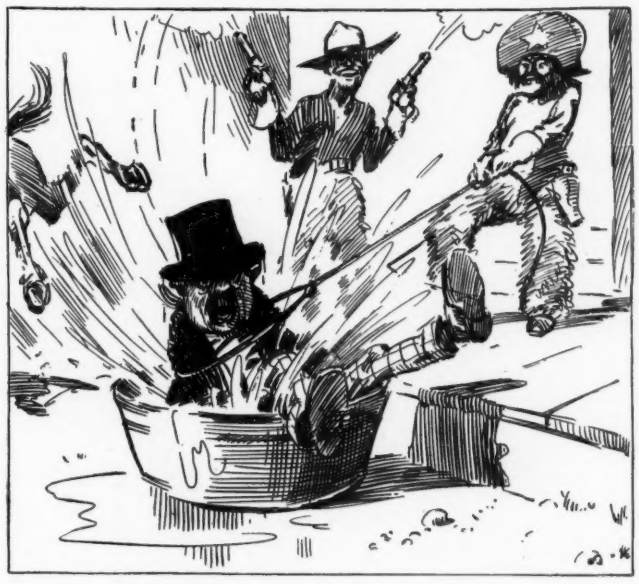
2.

NERVY NAT—"Whoa, Mazeppa, or whatever your fool name is! I never boarded one of these things before. By the great hornspoon! if I'm ever west of Jersey City again I hope I'll choke."



3.

NERVY NAT—"That animal is a hypocrite. One fact is firmly impressed on my mind, and that is that you don't need any lessons in getting off—it's just as easy."



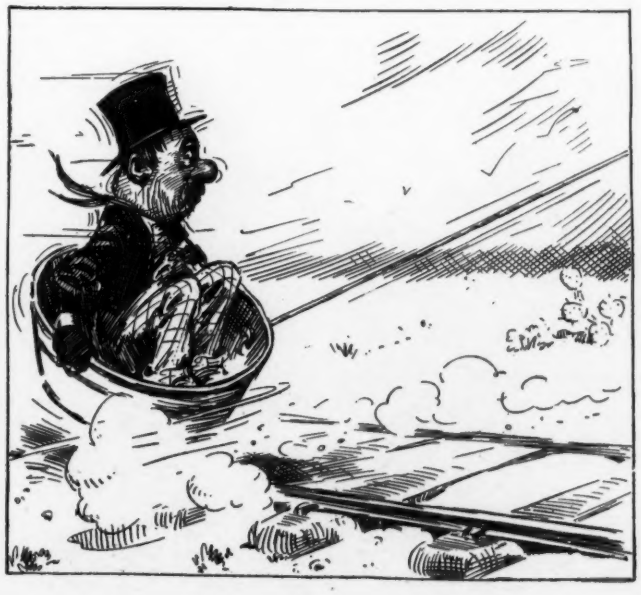
4.

PIE-EYED BILL—"Fishin' 's good, Hank. I've snaked a lobster."
NERVY NAT—"Ouch! I never noticed that cyclone coming."

5.

PIE-EYED BILL—"Ef that thar cord don't bust you'll git a free-gratis-fer-nothin' ride. You're another one er them peanut-headed eastern gents wot don't believe in signs."

NERVY NAT—"I'm sure it embarrasses me greatly to have you gentlemen put yourselves to so much trouble on my"——



6.

NERVY NAT—"This is the first time I have had a private car with such poor springs in it. It is headed toward the rising sun and Madison-square park, so there'll be no kick registered by Nathaniel if this tub holds out."

NO. 8.—NERVY NAT OUT WEST.

WAR ON THE MOSQUITO.

(A largely-attended meeting was held this afternoon at the rooms of the board of trade and transportation, the object of which was to devise ways and means for the extermination of the mosquito.—*Evening Sun.*)

BLEAK January—and each Jersey dune
With winter's crystal fretwork 's glittering o'er,
And sad-eyed residents along the shore,
With fear look forward to the month of June,
When the mosquito comes with siren tune
To illustrate phlebotomy once more,
And draw full many a quart of native gore
With fell intent beneath the gibbous moon.
Onward, brave soldiers! Pour the kerosene
In hogsheads o'er the festive swamp until,
'Mid trumpets' blare, you've finished up the biz.
Stamp out the lychnobite that mars the scene,
And when the job is done present your bill
Before the deadly skeeter puts in his.

EUGENE GEARY.

BETTER YET.

WE SEE Pipes the plumber sitting in deep meditation, a contented smile hovering upon his face.

"Ah!" we venture gayly, "building air-castles?"

"Better'n that," he tells us. "Plumbing them."

WHERE HE GOT IT.

MR. HOGAN—"Where did Oi git th' black oye? Oh, Oi'm just afther bein' initiated."
MR. KELLY—"Into what society?"
MR. HOGAN—"Into th' society av me mother-in-law."

WOMAN'S WAY.

HE—"Why, I'd marry that girl in a minute."
SHE—"That would be the only way. If you gave her two minutes to think it over she'd flunk."

AN IRREDUCIBLE FRACTURE.

"DR. SPLINTEM, the surgeon," declared the man with the red shingles on his house, "is the most expert man in his profession in the city."

"Indeed?" politely asked the man with the iron dog on his lawn.

"Yes, sir. Why, there isn't any kind of a fracture that he can't set, and set perfectly."

"Is that so?" murmured the man with the iron dog on his lawn. "Now, I wonder if he would be any good at setting a broken egg."

NOT CROWDED.

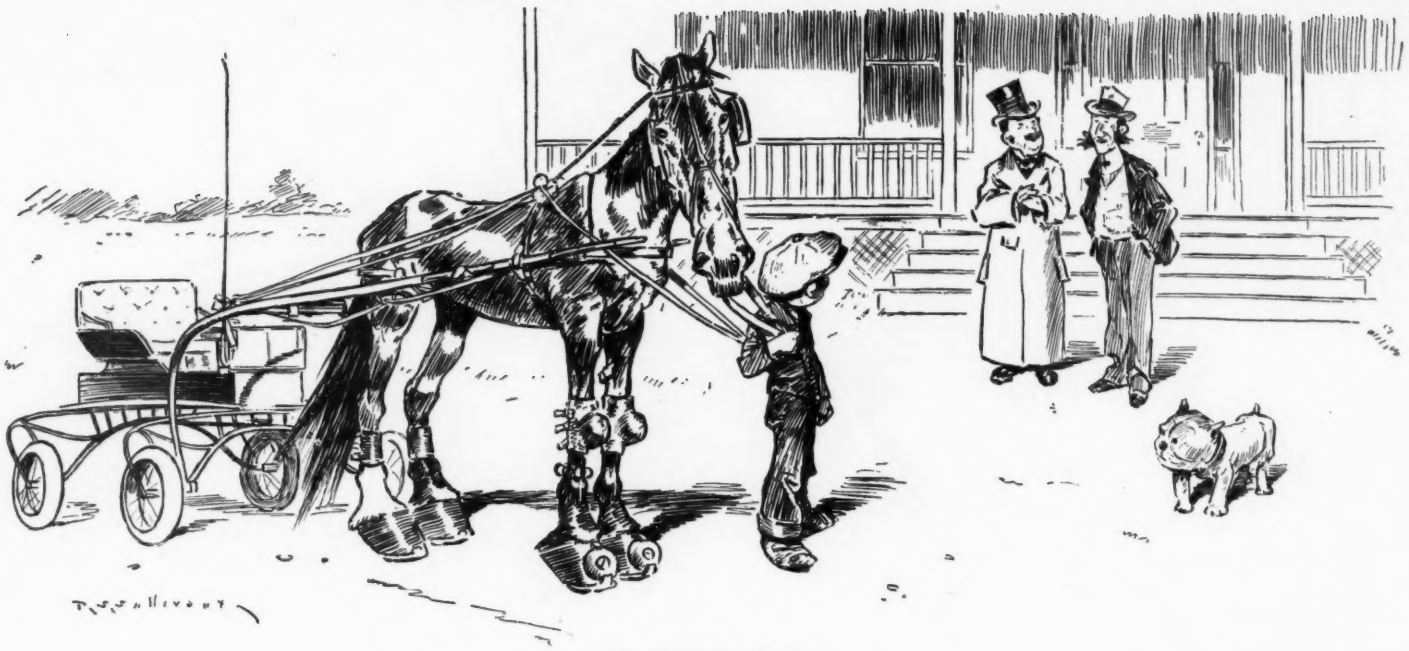
"I SUPPOSE there is plenty of room at the top in your business."

"Hardly. I am a steeple-jack."

This is Signor Tightrope calmly walking a wire with his eyes shut.

And this is the signor after being paid off, and having one or two, trying to keep in the middle of the sidewalk.

SUCH A DIFFERENCE!



TO GET IT RIGHT.

"What is your horse worth?"
"I don't want to sell him."
"Exactly. That's why I ask you how much he is worth."

AN INSTANTANEOUS HIT.

"YES," said the vaudeville performer, "I use a set of sleigh-bells in my act."

"Won't do," snapped the manager. "Too old a turn. Can't use any sleigh-bell acts."

"But the way I use them makes the greatest hit ever seen."

"How do you play 'em?"

"That's where the hit comes in. I have them on the stage all the time, but I never touch them at all, and the audience goes wild. Many a time I've had four or five encores, the people were so glad not to hear the sleigh-bells jingled."

MISERABLE COUNTRY.

"YOU fellows need never worry about Uncle Sam interfering with your government," says the Yankee tourist.

"Indeed?" asks the South American citizen incredulously. "And why?"

"Your country is too small for a canal and not big enough for a revolution."

FILLED ALL REQUIREMENTS.

"I HAVE here," said the poor inventor, "an artificial egg."

The purse-proud capitalist waved him away.

"Nope," growled the capitalist; "there's nothing to it. Couldn't find a market for 'em."

"But, sir," pleaded the poor inventor, "by a secret process I have been able to give these eggs the consistency and flavor of the popular cold-storage egg of commerce."

That afternoon the agreement was drawn up and the poor inventor went home with his little old ten millions in stock in his inside pocket.

The trick is not to invent a substitute for what the public wants, but to get up an imitation of what the public is used to.

A PRACTICAL CONNOISSEUR.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"What a beautiful collection of antiques you have, my dear!"

Mrs. Parvenue—"It should be. My husband knows all about such things, and had them made to order."

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

POMP—"Haw, haw! Dis inwention ob mine am great fo' ice-coastin', an'——

——it suttinly am suitable to mah anattimy when I slips up. Hoop-la!"

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TOO MUCH OF A LOAD E

"And yet it has the assurance to charge the busin pr

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Prg Co. New York.

AD EN FOR WALL STREET.

busi pression to President Roosevelt's administration."

THE EXPLANATION.

"HE IS one of the nouveaux riches."

"Is he? I thought he was a European nobleman of a very old family."

"That's it—didn't have a cent until he got married."

ACCURATE.

"SIR," says the Boston reporter, "our office is informed that your purse was stolen from you last night. Is there anything in it?"

"Not by this time, doubtless," answers Mr. Emerson Waldo Beeneeter, relapsing into an attitude of perturbed meditation.

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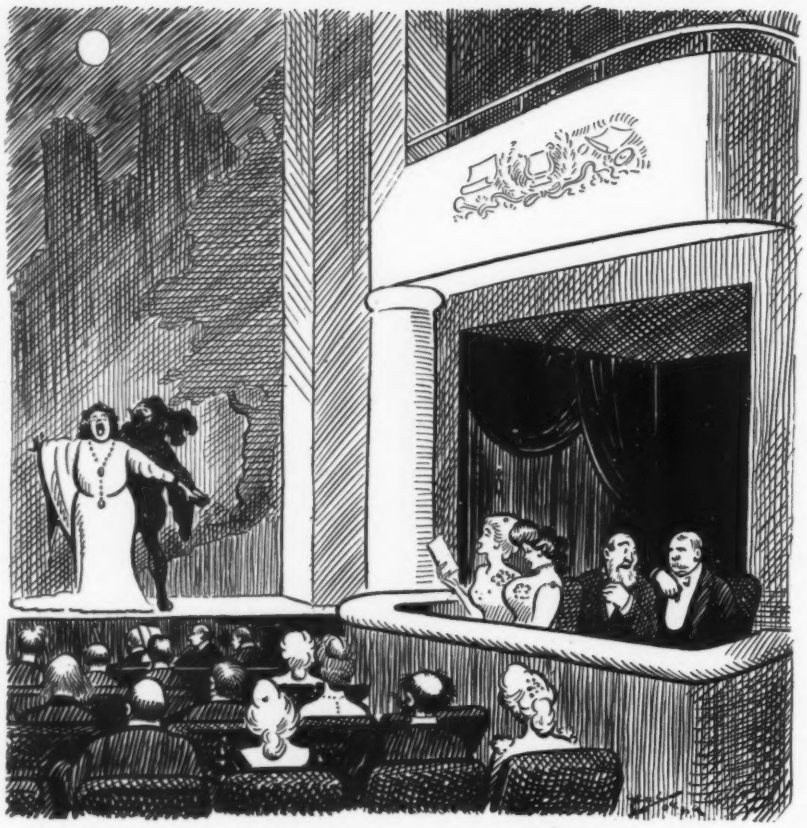
"Yes. He said it was your eyes that won him. He"——

"Well, he'll have to come around and correct the minutes of that meeting. The eyes won it, but the nose got it."



HIS FIRST GRAND OPERA.

JOSH BACKWOODS—"Now, what's up? Be they yellin' fire?"
HIS SON—"No; they're singing a duet entitled 'The gentle voice of love.'"

THERE ARE OTHERS.

"WHAT kind of a chap is he?"

"Oh, his conversation consists of twenty-eight-dollars' worth of talking to every nickel's worth of horse sense."

THE HAPPY FUTURE.

Mrs. Waggles—"Everything we have here in the house is so old it is shabby."

Waggles—"Have a little patience, my dear. When they get a little older they will be antique."

COULDN'T BLUFF HIM.

"IT WAS right funny," said Uncle Hosea, telling of the orchestral concert. "A smart-aleck lookin' feller set in the middle, an' all ter oncet the little man at the end o' the line hit the big drum a sassy rap. Well, the smart-aleck feller shakes a little stick at the drummer, an' what does he do but hit her up ag'in jest ter show he was as good as the next man. An', by jinks! he didn't take no back talk—or, rather, no orders—from the smart-aleck man, because he jest kept on a-whackin' that big drum in spite o' the boss's shakin' that stick, as if to say he'd catch it if he didn't quit. Yes, sir; I gloried in his spunk, if he was little. An' at the end o' the tune he whooped it up on that drum harder than ever. A little man fer nerve every time."

WORSE THAN THE SICKNESS.

MRS. HALLORAN—"Th' docthor sez ye are to hov wan shpoonful av whiskey in a toombler av wather iviry two hours."
MR. HALLORAN—"As if Oi wasn't sooferin' enough alriddy widout sich a prescription as thot!"

"A widower's second love is always worth more than his first."

"What?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I mean his second lady-love is always worth more money than his first."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mr. Stonefront—"What! Ask me to serve on a jury? Me? On a"——

Caller—"But this is for a jury at the poodle show."

Mr. Stonefront—"Oh, ah! Of course. That's another matter! I'll serve with pleasure."—*Chicago News.*

Club Cocktails

The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

"I understand that they propose making the a. b. course two years instead of four."

"Yes; they'll be giving trading stamps with every degree soon."—*The Columbia Jester.*

Ruskin—"Let us go down this street. There is light in every window."

Harker—"What's the matter with the other street?"

Ruskin—"Oh, there are too many love-making couples. All the parlors are dark."—*Chicago News.*

Pimples

Every night just before going to bed, wash the face with hot water and Glenn's Sulphur Soap and you will get rid of pimples.

This soap contains enough pure sulphur to make it a specific for skin diseases. Insist on having the genuine

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

25c. a cake at all drug stores, or mailed on receipt of 30c. by THE C. N. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.

Owtlaight—"I had an awful time thinking up an excuse to give my wife when I got home from the club last night."

Lushman—"Did she demand one?"

Owtlaight—"Of course. I got home so early that it piqued her curiosity."—*Philadelphia Press.*

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

A few dashes in pure liquor, the epicure's delight. Refuse cheap domestic imitations. Get Dr. Siegert's.

"George says the loveliest things to me."

"He said them to me last year."

"Yes, dear; but he hadn't seen me then."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Life is an up-hill road."

"If you're lucky enough to be going that way."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

A health giver and a health preserver: Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists'.

"What makes the chrysanthemum so expensive?"

"It's expensive because it's fashionable."

"But why is it so fashionable?"

"Um—that's because it's so expensive."—*Chicago Tribune.*

WORRY:

SURE STARTER FOR ILL HEALTH.

Useless worrying (a form of nervousness) is indirectly the result (through the nerves) of improper feeding. A furniture man of Memphis says:

"About a year ago I was afflicted with nervous spells, would worry so over trivial things.

"I went to consult one of the best physicians in Memphis and he asked among many questions if I drank coffee.

"His advice was: 'Go to some provision store and get a box of Postum, drink it in place of coffee and, as you are confined to your desk to a great extent, try and get out in the open air as much as possible.' I followed his instructions regarding the Postum.

"At that time my weight was 142 and I was taking all kinds of drugs and medicines to brace me up, but all failed; to-day I weigh 165 and all of my old troubles are gone, and all the credit is due to having followed this wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place.

"I now consider my health perfect. I am willing to go before a notary public and testify that it was all due to my having used Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for quitting the drug-drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 10 days proves them all.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THERE ARE STILL SOME ALE-DRINKERS

who stick to the notion that the only ale fit to drink is brewed abroad. Their number is lessened every time one of them is introduced to

Evans' Ale

One bottle goes further toward converting the skeptic than any argument of talk or print.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

Look for Signature of S. ANARGYROS

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

"Sure, I wish I had the bottle o' whiskey that corkscrews."

ONLY A
worth a dolla

Book
Saw
Jay Jokes
RED Hopkins' Own Book

ach or forty cents for the greatest bunch of side-
ke books you ever saw. *They all have 'em!* Ask
sdealer or newsboy on the train, or send direct to
GE COMPANY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York

"Defender of the Rails—The Ne

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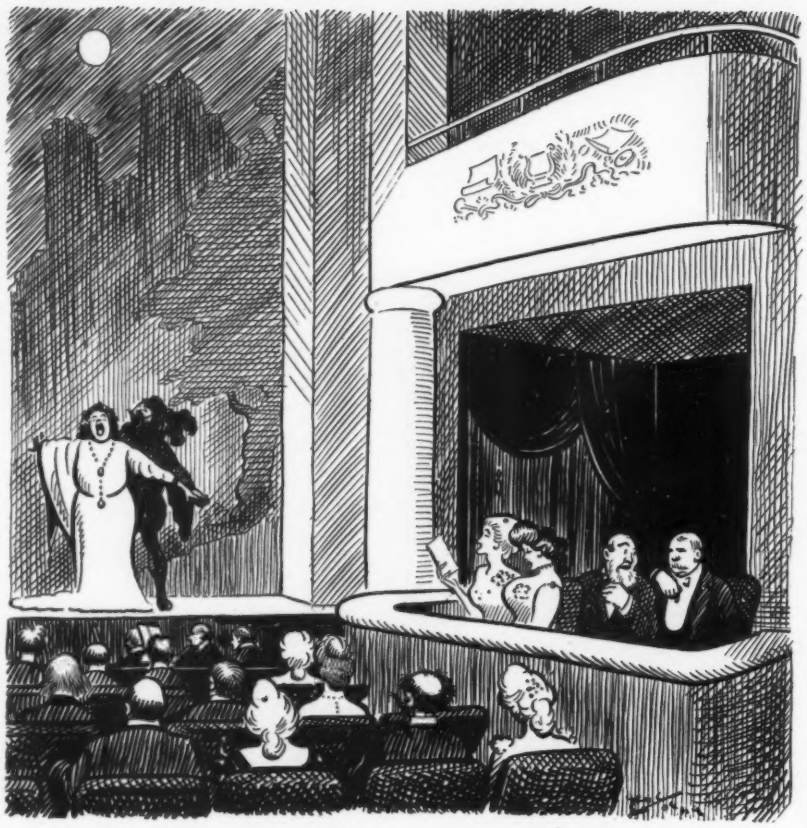

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Waggles—"Have a little patience, my dear. When they get a little older they will be antique."

COULDN'T BLUFF HIM.

"IT WAS right funny," said Uncle Hosea, telling of the orchestral concert. "A smart-aleck lookin' feller set in the middle, an' all ter oncet the little man at the end o' the line hit the big drum a sassy rap. Well, the smart-aleck feller shakes a little stick at the drummer, an' what does he do but hit her up ag'in jest ter show he was as good as the next man. An', by jinks! he didn't take no back talk—or, rather, no orders—from the smart-aleck man, because he jest kept on a-whackin' that big drum in spite o' the boss's shakin' that stick, as if to say he'd catch it if he didn't quit. Yes, sir; I gloried in his spunk, if he was little. An' at the end o' the tune he whooped it up on that drum harder than ever. A little man fer nerve every time."

WORSE THAN THE SICKNESS.

MRS. HALLORAN—"Th' docthor sez ye are to hov wan shpoonful av whiskey in a toombler av wather iviry two hours."
MR. HALLORAN—"As if Oi wasn't sooferin' enough alriddy widout sich a prescription as thot!"

"A widower's second love is always worth more than his first."

"What?"

"Don't misunderstand me. I mean his second lady-love is always worth more money than his first."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mr. Stonefront—"What! Ask me to serve on a jury? Me? On a"——

Caller—"But this is for a jury at the poodle show."

Mr. Stonefront—"Oh, ah! Of course. That's another matter! I'll serve with pleasure."—*Chicago News.*

Club Cocktails

The art of cocktail mixing is to so blend the ingredients that no one is evident, but the delicate flavor of each is apparent. Is this the sort of cocktail the man gives you who does it by guesswork? There's never a mistake in a CLUB COCKTAIL. It smells good, tastes good, is good—always. Just strain through cracked ice. Seven kinds—Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Whiskey, Holland Gin, Tom Gin and York.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,
HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

"I understand that they propose making the a. b. course two years instead of four."

"Yes; they'll be giving trading stamps with every degree soon."—*The Columbia Jester.*

Ruskin—"Let us go down this street. There is light in every window."

Harker—"What's the matter with the other street?"

Ruskin—"Oh, there are too many love-making couples. All the parlors are dark."—*Chicago News.*

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Every night just before going to bed, wash the face with hot water and Glenn's Sulphur Soap and you will get rid of pimples.

This soap contains enough pure sulphur to make it a specific for skin diseases. Insist on having the genuine

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

25c. a cake at all drug stores, or mailed on receipt of 30c. by THE C. N. CRITTENTON CO., 115 Fulton St., New York.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, Black or Brown, 50 cts.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.

Owtlaight—"I had an awful time thinking up an excuse to give my wife when I got home from the club last night."

Lushman—"Did she demand one?"

Owtlaight—"Of course. I got home so early that it piqued her curiosity."—*Philadelphia Press.*

DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

A few dashes in pure liquor, the epicure's delight. Refuse cheap domestic imitations. Get Dr. Siegert's.

"George says the loveliest things to me."

"He said them to me last year."

"Yes, dear; but he hadn't seen me then."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Life is an up-hill road."

"If you're lucky enough to be going that way."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

A health giver and a health preserver: Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists'.

"What makes the chrysanthemum so expensive?"

"It's expensive because it's fashionable."

"But why is it so fashionable?"

"Um—that's because it's so expensive."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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SURE STARTER FOR ILL HEALTH.

Useless worrying (a form of nervousness) is indirectly the result (through the nerves) of improper feeding. A furniture man of Memphis says:

"About a year ago I was afflicted with nervous spells, would worry so over trivial things.

"I went to consult one of the best physicians in Memphis and he asked among many questions if I drank coffee.

"His advice was: 'Go to some provision store and get a box of Postum, drink it in place of coffee and, as you are confined to your desk to a great extent, try and get out in the open air as much as possible.' I followed his instructions regarding the Postum.

"At that time my weight was 142 and I was taking all kinds of drugs and medicines to brace me up, but all failed; to-day I weigh 165 and all of my old troubles are gone, and all the credit is due to having followed this wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place.

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There's a reason for quitting the drug-drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 10 days proves them all.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

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One bottle goes further toward converting the skeptic than any argument of talk or print.

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No Better Turkish Cigarette can be made

CORK TIPS OR PLAIN

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THE FESTIVE SEASON.

"Sure, I wish I had the bottle o' whiskey tha corkscrews."

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"Defender of the Rails—The Ne

Purity and Maturity

Unite in making the superior quality of

Hunter Whiskey

Superb Flavor, Mellow and Rich

Sold at all first class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

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has a smack of its own

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"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnis paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."—*Schoolmaster.*

It has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.*

Father—"So you took dinner at Willie Stout's house to-day. I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say no."

Tommy—"Oh, yes, sir; I said no several times."

Father—"You did, eh?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir; Mrs. Stout kept askin' me if I had enough."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"That dress is becoming, my dear," said the man who thinks he is a diplomat.

She looked at him coldly for a moment and then replied,

"Yes. It is becoming threadbare."—*Washington Star.*

Nell—"Oh, my! Here's a telegram from Jack of the football team."

Belle—"What does it say?"

Nell—"It says, 'Nose broken. How do you prefer it set—Greek or Roman?'"—*Yonkers Herald.*

At the exhibition of the California Fruit-Growers' Association, at Chicago, the Sohmer Pianos were chosen in preference to all other makes, thus again showing the high estimation in which these popular instruments are held by the public.

She—"And you don't think there is a chance in the world of our living through our lives without a quarrel?"

He—"There is always a fighting chance, dear."—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.*

Braces the nerves, builds up the blood, strengthens every way—Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

"How did you get your black eye, Sambo?"

"Well, boss, yer see I was out a-lookin' fer trouble, and dis 'ere eye was de furst t' find it."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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Always the Same!

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.
Baltimore, Md.

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has a smack of its own

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CARL H. SCHULTZ

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

Chauffeur (who used to be the groom)—"Sorry, sir, but we can't take out the sorrel automobile this morning."

His master—"Can't, eh! Well what's the matter with it?"

Chauffeur—"The left hind tire is winded and there's a spavin on the right fore wheel."—*New York American.*

The WHITE ROCK high ball
has a smack of its own

Customer—"Do you keep fur caps?"

Fresh clerk—"No, sir; we sell 'em."

Customer—"Not always, my friend. You may keep one that you might have sold to me. Good-day."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"He wants to be considered a giant in debate," said one statesman.

"Yes," answered the other; "that's why he insists on using stilted language for undersized thoughts."—*Washington Star.*

With newfangled health cranks,
The next thing we know
We'll have to make snowballs
Of sterilized snow.
—*New York Sun.*

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Chocolates and Confections
Always the Successful Candidate for the Interior Department.
Ask for them anywhere.
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Made instantly with boiling milk.
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Special Dry—Brut

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Then why pay for foreign labels?

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The reported disappearance of the sea of Azof recalls that old remark that the sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us. Articulate that, please!—*Boston Herald.*

"Mrs. Humorist says she is not stuck on her husband's jokes."

"That's easily accounted for."

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"They have no point."—*Houston Post.*

In the good old times, of which everyone loves to read and is glad he didn't live in, a certain dame, who dwelt in a small cottage perched on a hill, had acquired an evil reputation by reason of her unusual attire, and because she had adopted a little girl who otherwise would have become a charge on the township. So, when her pious neighbors saw the maiden growing up into a pretty and attractive damsel they deemed it their duty to drive the old woman and the maid from their midst. "For," said they, "while it is bad enough to have an ugly old witch in the place, it is altogether impossible to submit our sons to the dangerous enchantments of one who might bewitch them with her beauty."

Moral—People did not believe in witches in the days when they did believe in them any more than they do now when they don't.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Stop!" she cried, when he attempted to kiss her. "You must!"

The youth, being unaccustomed to that sort of thing, drew back abashed.

"Stop!" she repeated, noticing his timidity; "you mussed—my hair."

Then he resumed, but more carefully.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"We will never give up," said the South American military leader.

"Give up what?" asked the coldly practical man.

And after a moment of reflection the military leader candidly replied,

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Cash paid for all ideas accepted. All rejected matter will be returned.

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He—"Sure; and the automobile people just now seem to be taking the most chances."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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The more purely negative soap is, the nearer does it approach perfection.

Unless you have used Pears' soap you probably do not know what we mean by a soap with no free fat or alkali in it—nothing but soap.

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THE "YOUNG MAN"—"Good-morning, Miss Smith. I am so sorry! I can't think where I put the rose I promised to bring you."
(He had put it in his hat, so as to be on a soft spot.)

Well! Well!! Have you seen 'em? *ONLY A DIME* each, but worth a dollar

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USE PLENTY OF WATER AND LITTLE SOAP

Turn the brush on the soap two or three times and then work up the lather on the face, and you will find it becomes richer and more creamy the longer you work it up. The advantage gained by making the lather on the face is that you have a thinner lather at the start, thus more thoroughly and easily reaching the roots of the beard and softening it. If any water should remain in your cup it will not injure our soap, which

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"Aw, g'wan! Don't yer see he's a general. Generals don't do no killin'. Dey jest bosses de job."—*St. Louis Star.*

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Van Quizz—"But he smokes them himself!"

Fitz-Bile—"Yes. That is why he knows."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

"How about that little bill?" asked the doctor.

"Why, doctor," was the reply, "only a little while before you sent it in you told me not to let anything worry me, and I haven't."—*Chicago Post.*

"I hear you're dissatisfied with your doctor's bill."

"Yes. I don't think he's entitled to two hundred dollars for that operation."

"Why not?"

"Because if he was he'd claim more."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

A charming young Danish lady now resident in this country, whose amiable qualities and gentle demeanor forbid the thought that she would be guilty of one iota of sarcasm, on being informed recently that Mr. Bryan was visiting her native city of Copenhagen, replied with delicious naïveté,

"Mr. Bryan? Mr. Bryan? Oh, yes! He that used to run for the presidency."—*Exchange.*

Hicks—"My wife is very methodical. She's always got a place for everything, and everything in its place."

Wicks—"So has mine, but I can never find the place."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

"How long shall I boil the eggs, ma'am?" asked the cook.

"I don't exactly know," replied the young housewife, "but cook them until they are real tender."—*Chicago Post.*

Broker—"Poets are no good, sir. I promised one bright young one a try-out, but he fell down."

"How did that happen?"

Broker—"I asked him to get me the quotation on clover seed, and he began reciting 'Maud Muller.'"—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

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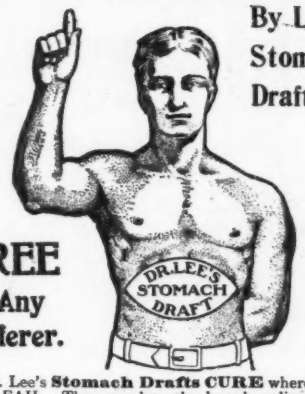

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"Please, mother says, can you let her 'ave a 'arf ounce of this 'ere *radium* she ave read so much about in the paper?"

Officer Shawhan—"What's your big sister gettin' teached, up dere at de school?"

Teeny O'Tuff—"Aw, electrocution, physical torture and stuff like dat."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"Do you like going to school, Johnny?" asked the visitor."

"Yes, sir," answered the truthful urchin; "and I like coming home, too, but I don't like staying there between time."—*Chicago News.*

Visitor—"I want a high-bred dog."

Attendant—"Thin this is wot ye want, sir. He's a skye terrier."—*Chicago News.*

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On January 28th the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run the second Personally-conducted Tour to Washington for the present season. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the New Corcoran Art Gallery. Round-trip rate, covering railroad transportation for the round trip, hotel accommodations, and guides, $14.50, or $12.00 from New York; $13.00 or $10.50 from Trenton, and proportionate rates from other points, according to hotel selected. Rates cover accommodations at hotel for two days. Special side trip to Mount Vernon.

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Kittie—"Paul told me last evening I was the prettiest girl he ever saw.'

Bessie—"Oh, that's nothing; he said the same to me last year."

Kittie—"I know, dear, but his taste may have improved since then, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lawrence was told the Chesapeake had sprung a leak.

"Thank goodness, any way," he replied, "we won't have to pay a plumber to find it."

With a cheerful smile, he allowed himself to be carried below.—*New York Sun.*

"Who is this man who is telling us that he has found a way of exterminating mosquitoes?"

"He's the same man who last July was exulting over the fact that he had found a cheap substitute for coal."—*Washington Star.*

Wife—"There was a man around today selling big brass burglar-alarm bells to put on the front of the house, so I ordered one."

Husband—"What! You know we haven't anything worth stealing."

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Wagg—"Well, I suppose that's about the only chance he has."—*Philadelphia Record.*

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Ask Your Druggist, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of prices named as follows:
277A Linen, 60c. 277C F'cy S'k, $1.25
277B Silk, 85c. 277E French Silk, $1.50.
277F Parisian Silk, $1.00 277D D'bl S'k P'ch, $2.00

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"Yes, they were made one," she told the youngster who had been puzzled by the term.

"Which one?" he asked.

"Oh, they haven't had time to find that out yet," she explained.—*Chicago Post.*

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Bottled in Bond

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The only real guarantee of Purity, Address

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"No; but he kin hire a lawyer fer three thousand a year thot'll do th' work betther than Dillaney cud if he *was* a lawyer."

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AT THE MUSEUM.

FAT LADY—"So you sat in a poker game with the 'legless wonder' last night?"
SKELETON—"Yes; and as soon as he won two jack-pots he got 'cold feet.'"